And all at once how empty seems And all at once now empty seems.
The crowded space; how dim and cold
The tender morning light that streams.
Through windows stained in blue and
The carven cherubs look quite glum,
And even the organ-pipes seem dumb,

The preachet tells of peace and bliss, of Easter Joy. Ah, well, no doubt Some other sinner will not miss. The comfort that he talks about. The rem my altar shrine is bare since my fair saint's smile is not there.

What's this? A sweet face turned my way: What a this? A sweet ince turned my way, A gently welcoming look; dear eyes! Ah, now, indeed, my prayer I'll say, And now the preacher's words seem wise, To think my love I did not know, Her Easter bonnet changed her so, George S. Bridger in Judge.

Ob, well worthy of sonnet
In the dainty little bonnet
That my wife will wear on Easter
When she goes to church with me;
Flowers, ribbon, lace, and feather,
Blending prettily together,
Make a poeu most exquisite,
And a work of art to sec.

When it's time to wear the bonnet, When it's time to wear the bonnet,
By the mirror she will don it,
And I'll see her smile of triumph
As she blushing turns to show
Me that lovely Easter treasure;
How her eyes will dance with pleasure
At my gaze of admiration
And the praise I shall bestow.

Then I'll walk beside that bonnet, Then I'll walk beside that of the Glancing, oh, so proudly on it. Up the aisle on Easter morning. With the dearest one on earth; And I'll notice the attention | Which I afterward will montion; That the other women pay it. That the other women pay it For its beauty and its worth.

Oh, all worthy of a sonnet, On, all working of a semels,
Is the dainty little bounet.
That till Easter must be hidding
All its glory on a shelf:
But the sweetest thing about it
Is—though other husbands doubt it—
That my wife, to save my pocket,
Planned and made it all herself.

## NOT MUCH OF A STORY.

BY VELMA CALDWELL MELVILLE.

"Why have I never married?" Well, I am sure I am willing to tell thee, but it is not much of a story after all. Young folks nowadays would call it a tame matter-of-fact experience I suppose, and so it was.

begin it right, I must go back to the little farm in the 'Quaker settle-ment,' as it was called, in Western Pennsylvania. My father and mother were Quakers of the strictest type, and their large family of children were expected to walk in the same way. They were especially strict with us older ones, Nathan, Hepsie and L. Nathan and father never got on well after the former came of age; but one day when father forbade him the house if he ever knew of his attending Methodist meeting again, Nathan openly rebelled and packing up his clothes, left in earnest.

Mother cried a little but said nothing; she thought father could not make a mistake or err in judgment. Hepsie and I cried a great deal at

night when in bed, but we dare not let father hear us. We knew the reason that Nathan liked attending the Methodist meetings for he had told us he thought Dell Crane—the preacher's daughter-the prettiest girl ever seen. "But it will be awful wicked for Nathan to marry one of those dread-Hepsie would whisful Methodists," per under the quilts; but I was not so meek and easily influenced as she, and so would answer, that there might good people even outside the Quaker I think, in looking back, that our family and church there were especially intolerant of others; but I know that they thought they were

It was the Easter after Nathan left in the fall, that my bit of somance be-

A woman in the neighborhood, who was not a church member at all, was very sick and of course people took one word of interference will I stand." turns in nursing her, watching with her and caring for the family. She was a widow with two little children.

Well it happened (if anything does just happen in the world) that mother had promised to let me spend Easter Sunday with her. I did not want to go, but girls in these days never

thought of opposing any little plan like that made by their mothers, so I went.

I remember just what a crisp, clear morning it was and how I wished as I went along that I were a bird that I might fly out in the world. I never had on twenty-five miles from home all the nineteen years of my life. Reaching Mrs. Dane's I tidied her

and the children, gave them some more breakfast and then cleaned up the room a little. Our folks did not believe in doing much housework on first day, and especially on Easter.

It must have been about church time when, looking out, I saw Dell Crane coming. As I noticed her bright, rosy face surrounded by a fluffy border of pink, I could not wonder at Nathan's admiration, and when the came into the room smiling and showing such pretty white teeth, I fell in love with he self, and I think I almost coveted the bright, dainty thing she called a "hood," as I carefully laid it up on the bureau out of the way of the children.

She had come to stay, too, and I think I had never enjoyed a day so She was a much before in my life. veritable sunbeam, and yet I soon found was a devout little Christian in Of course I could ing: the teachings of "Th her way. ( time all at once, and so

still doubted if a Methodist, or any one

than one or two doleful hymnsthee knows the Quakers do not believe her for winning her first born from in music-so of course declined; but Dell drew her chair close to the invalid, and taking one child on her lap, burst forth into what folks call nowadays a "regular revival hymn." How she did sing! I never had had such a feeling come over me as there did at that min ute. Why it seemed as if there was something in my bosom that must es-cape and fly away, and I could searcely

keep from crying right out. sweeter, but not so exciting. Just as she finished that she saw her brother driving up for her.

Arch to some in a few minutes, we most always sing together. I had asver met him, and I found myself flushing unaccountably when she introduced us, and I imagined that he looked amused as his bright black eye I said, and hurried off to hide my took in my Quaker costume.

They sang several pieces, and nothing I have ever heard since has sounded in any way equal to those grand Meth-

odist hymns, rung forth in that humble home by those young disciples.

At parting they both shook my hand and warmly invited me to them. There was nothvisit ing for me to do but return the courtesy, though I inwardly trembled as they

promised to accept my invitation. I said that my sister and I did not get out very much since Nathan had gone away. I thought Dell's cheeks grew a good deal rosier at the mention I thought Dell's cheeks

In less than a fortnight they came over to spend an evening, which was a common custom in those days.

Father was most ungracious and mother dare not be otherwise. Poor little Hepsie was so divided between her fear of displeasing father and her fear of his offending our guests, that she was as pale as a sheet and all of a tremble. There was no other way but for me to defy everything and act the part of a cordial hostess, which I did to the best of my ability and to Hepsie's great admiration. But do the best I could the evening passed off painfully. I did not dare to invite them to come again, nor promise to return this, with father grimly watching me from under the broad brim of his

house as well as out of doors in our settlement.)

Hepsie cried herself to sleep in my arms that night. The next morning we were requested to drop all associations ontside of our own church. Had I been a boy like Nathan, I am sure I would have taken my chances out in the world from that hour—but I was only a girl, and girls were not near so independent

then as now. We rarely met the Cranes after that, for our folks kept us in sight most of the time.

The Methodists were having a great revival too and that made them more unpopular than ever among the Quakers

Meanwhile Hepsie and I were being energetically courted by two young men in our own church.

Father favored these youth, and so of course mother did; but we-well we dare not snub them nor did we care to encourage them, only Hepsie said she supposed father would make us marry

"Does thee believe in love, Ruth?" she asked pathetically of me once.
"Of course I do, child," I replied, "and they'll never get me to marry a man that I do not love just because he is a Quaker. I'll leave as Nathan did. first.

"Oh, Ruthie! it sounds dreadful for thee to talk so; what would father and mother say?"

It was early in June that father taken sick with a low, slow fever, and there was no one to see to the farm but Jimmie, then only fourteen, so there was nothing could be done but write to Pittsburgh and see if Nathan would all. come home.

He came, though by so doing he lost a paying position. I shall never forget the look of horror

on mothers face as she beheld him dressed in worldly style. When father assailed him about it he

replied firmly: "I have given up a good thing to come here and care for—for thee, (he was going to say "you," but cheeked himself) "and now I will not be despot who holds the lives of all his subjects at the mercy of his whim, it told what I may wear or subjects at the mercy of his whim, it "I have given up a good thing to come told what I may wear or subjects at the mercy of his whim, it how I must speak. I will try and do will be a gain for civilization. The as near like I used to as I can, but not horrible sacrifices of human beings at

but Nathan went off whistling to see known, and within the last few years about the farm business, and thus the instances of this savagery have been rematter dropped.

I told him, at the first opportunity, about the call of the Cranes, and he laughed and said he had heard of it.

"How?" I asked in surprise. Then he told me that he and Dell had corresponded ever since he went away. The next Sunday morning he dressed

himself with great care, and saddling a horse rode off in the direction of the Methodist meeting-house. Mother looked grieved and drew the blinds so father could not see.

Nathan did not return till after the night meeting. Father finally got better of the fever,

but the first time he stepped out of doors he took cold and it turned to rheumatism. Now he was helpless and likely to be. Toward fall Nathan and he had a talk. He wanted Nathan to take the farm and run it for so much; but Nathan

thought he'd better take it on the "One thing more, father," he said; "if

I stay here I shall put up a little house in the maple grove and bring a wife to it."

"A wife!" father gasped.

"Yes, I am going to marry Miss Crane, and of course I can not bring her here. There was something of a scene, only Nathan nipped it in the bud by say-

"Thee can take thy choice, do without me or accept the woman I have chosen."

Dell was a natural born nurse, and it else but a Quaker, could be a Christian came to pass that in spite of his prejuin the true sense of the word.

After dinner Mrs. Dane asked us to and wait on him before she had been sing. I had never been allowed to sing mistress of the Maple Grove cottage six weeks; but mother never forgave

> "the true church." Of course Hepsie and I were a good deal at the cottage, and of course we met Archie Crane there, but neither he nor any of the family, other than Dell, ever came to our house.

I think I never knew so happy a fall and winter, we were such a merry little

party.
"Ruth, I think thee grows prettier sep from crying right out.

She next sang something softer and morning in Nathan's hearing.

weeter, but not so exciting. Just as "No wonder," he said laughing, "and

"There!" she said, "I will just get | Hepsie drew her breath sharply as she

asked the question.
"Why Hepsie, thee ain't blind is
thee? Better ask Arch what he thinks

Archie Crane, and on the next Easter day he asked me to become his wife.

Oh, how glad I was for I loved him with my whole heart, and I was going to tell him yes when something seemed te stop me.

"I will answer thee to-morrow," I said, "thee knows my parents' preju-

He seemed a little surprised and taking my face between his hands he gazed

earnestly into my eyes.
"I guess it will be all right," he said. "They say if in looking into another's eyes you see your image reflected, then that person loves you, and I see mine in those brown orbs of yours.'

Some one was coming, and jumping up I ran out of the room. Where is Hepsie?" I asked of Dell. "She put a shawl around her and said she was going to walk in the grove, the sun shines so brightly."

I followed, but paused in dismay when a few rods from the nouse, at the sound of muffled sobs. Turning in the direction from which they came I spied poor little Hepsie sitting, with her back toward me, on a fallen tree, moaning and crying. I was just going to speak when she cried out, covering her face, Oh, Archie, Archie!"

Waiting for no more I sped back to the house, and without pausing, on hat. (The men wore their hats in the

I understood it all now-Hensie's languor and absent-mindedness of late, her restless nights, morning headaches petulance with me at times, and so on "It will kill me to give him up, thought, "and maybe he will not take her after all, but I cannot accept a life's happiness at such a cost to her.

Ah well, no use to linger over all this. I told him "no" on the morrow, almost freezing him with my coldness nor giving any other reason than that I would not have him; then I kept away from the cottage.

Dell had a fit of sickness soon after

this and I made Hepsie stay there. It all came out right at last, and on day early in summer the child came to me, her pale flower-like face flushed, her soft, blue eyes shining and her whole frame in a tremor.

"Oh, Ruthie," she whispered eagerly,
"Arch has asked me to—to—" then she hid her blushing face on my shoulder, murmuring, "to marry him,"
"Just as I had expected," I an

swered. I made her quaint Quaker trosseau myself; and tearlessly kissed the weeping bride. They removed at once to New York.

from whence the Cranes had come to Pennsylvania. I had a long, and they said, danger ons illness after that; but I was tired

out I guess. Arch and Hepsie are both dead now, and Rollin, the boy I am educating, thee knows, is their only child. He came to me when he was fourteen.

Well, well I have kept thee listening a long while and, as I told thee in the beginning, it is not much of a story after

Did I never learn to love any else?" No, never! My "Easter love," as I always called it—for I lost my heart at that first meeting-was the one love of my life.

May They Stop It! If the conflict going on between his Majesty of Dahomey and the French Colonial authorities in West Africa ends the political and religious celebrations, Father groaned and mother cried, called "grand customs," have long been counted. The superstition of the Dahomians, who regard their sovereign as divine, makes it hopeless to expect an end of these and other atrocities save through the application of some exterior force. France, which has steadily pushed its interests in Upper Senegal and on the Upper the application Niger, might do a good work by annexing Dahomey, but it is not certain that England and Germany would consent. They might even, perhaps, prefer latting the ceremonies of immolation go on to allowing anybody to annex Dahomey but themselves. The number of vic tims sacrificed on peculiarly grave, impressive occasions, such as the ascending of a new monarch to the throne, may have been sometimes exaggerated in the accounts, but it is known that they mount into the hundreds. If France can reasonably interfere with the performance of one horrible festival of this sort, which is said to be down upon this year's program for Daho-mey, she will do a good act.

Dickie Himself.

Thinkers who discuss "identity" and "the ego" may nevertheless have no more conception of the true self than a certain little girl, whose dog was her chief delight. One day, Dickie died, and then his mistress grieved, and would not be comforted.

A few days after his burial in the garden, she sat with her mother near the syringa bush, which shaded his grave.

"Mamma," said she, thoughtfully, where is Dickie?" Why, down there under the syringa, said her mother; "don't you remember we put him there, and covered him with earth?"

"Yes, but Dickie himself?" "We put him in the ground there, dear. No one has disturbed him." "Oh, I know his head and his ears and his paws and his tail and the rest of him are there, but what I want to

know is what has become of the real It was the self which shone out through Dickie's loving brown eyes which she so sadly missed.

Society is where people who were poor twenty-five years ago tell of the thee is not the only one who thinks so." plebeian origin of their neighbors and "Who else does?" and I noticed that conceal their own humble beginnings. plebeian origin of their neighbors and RIDING THE GOAT.

The Perilous Position of a Ventureson

When I wanted to join the Odd Fellows, Polly Ann was mighty mad and for once I didn't blame her, because the moral effect upon her was percetible. This is how it was: It was on Friday night and I was going to join the lodge Polly Ann had opposed it all along, but I felt that she wouldn't follow me there. About sundown Deacon Mount came I was standing in the dooralong. yard, for it was warm Indian summer weather.
"'Goin' to ride the goat to-night?

"I think I will,' says I. "'He's a tough one,' says he.
"I ain't afraid,' says L "'Keep calm,' says he.
"'I can do it,' says I.

"'I'll be there,' says he. "'All right,' says I, and with a few more words passed on up the street and I was waiting with my Sunday suit on for the time to arrive when I should go up to the lodge-room. While I was the standing there leaning up against fence and admiring the sunset, Polly Ann, with a stern look on her face, went out the gate. I thought, maybe, she was going up to the store for something. I didn't care much where she went, for she had been dinging at me all day about goats, secrets and evil-doers who worked in the dark.

Of course I knew what she meant; but says I to myself (I wouldn't have dared to say it to her), 'Polly Ann I have got the best of you for once. men are not allowed in Sodum Lodge.' I stood there for half an hour laughing to myself and then I went up to the hall where they hold the meetings. I went into the anti-room and set down. Deacon Mount and Mace Allen came up to me and told me too keep cool and

hang on if the goat kicked. "Overhead and near the side of the anti-room was a sort of a scuttle-hole and a ladder stood on the floor that lead up to it. This hole led into the attic over the lodge-room. Well, while sitting there waiting for the performance to commence, I thought I heard a noise overhead. It startled me, and somehow my mind went straight to Polly Ann. I thought of what she had Polly Ann. told me. Says she: 'If there's a goat there, mark my words, Seth Tompkins, I'll see it; you can't fool me. I propose to keep watch over my husband; but you ain't my husband—you are a fool. No respectable man would go again' the will of his wife. You just mark my words, I'll know what you do! I'll know if there is a goat; I'll see if there

"I would have bet a dollar that Polly Ann was up there and I shook for a minute as though I had the Michigan 'But p'shaw!' says I to myself, ague. Polly Ann can't be up there. More likely it's rats.'

"I felt some what relieved, but still I was uneasy. By-and-bye Deacon Mount came up again and he noticed that I looked pale and shook and he cautioned me to keep cool and I tried to; but shake as I would and did I couldn't shake off the impression that Polly Ann

was in that attic.
"The members of the order had all come, I guess, and had gone into the lodge-room and were standing around a kind of center table in the middle of the room, talking and laughing, waiting, I suppose, for the head man to call them to order. The door was open and I could see them as plain as could be. I imagined that Polly Ann was crawling along the joist and laths to the little vent hole in the ceiling over the place where the men were talking. One of the men says, 'He'll think, (meaning me, I suppose) 'we've got a goat in here for sure, if we have good luck.' Well, I looked up to that vent hole expecting to find Polly Ann peering down to see where the goat was and I did see her, for just at that moment there was a tere crash and the plaster an all over the men. the way and looked up to see what was pantry window every night?
the matter, and there hung Polly Ann
Mr. James Fussbudge (anxious for the matter, and there hung Polly Ann by the arms where she had been caught

"Well.if Polly Ann didn't see the goat the members of Sodum Lodge did. She howled and yelled murder and everything else. If there ever was a morti-fied man I was one. The brethren laughed and shouted until they were hoarse. Polly Ann still hung there between the ceiling and the carpet yelling all the time. Finally Descon Mount and Mace Allen went up and pulled her out. They got her down the ladder and took her inside the lodge-room.

"I felt as though cremation would be cold compared to what I would get when I got home. No fair-minded man will blame me for being weak-kneed then. There was no use of trying. I couldn't get the best of Polly Ann. and I wilted right then and there. When I

came to she was standing over me.
"'Seth Tomkins,' says she. "'Yes, ma'am,' says L "'Come with me!' says she.

"'Yes, ma'am,' says I. "'You brutes!' said she, turning to the members of the lodge, who were standing near, 'I'll punish you for this, pointing to me. 'I'll let you know that rou must respect a woman when she is in distress, and not laugh at her. You are no gentlemen. March!" and I went down stairs with Polly Ann. When I joined the Odd Fellows, many years after, it was with fear and trembling.

The natives of tropical countries are seldom so much astonished as they are when first introduced to snow and ice. The congealing of water is a phenomenon they are slow to comprehend. A few months ago Sir William McGregor British Australasia.

On its barren summit, nearly a thousand feet above the zone of vegetation, big icicles were found, and the natives, when they touched them, declared that

their fingers had been burned.

A year ago, when 'Mr. Ehlers ascended Mount Kilimanjaro, in Africa, his native porters, who had lived all their lives near the base of the great mountain, pulled off the boots with voice is through the telephone. And which they had been provided, and plunged merily into the snow in their for \$200 a year.—Argonaut.

bare feet. They lost no time in plung-ing out again, and lay writhing on the ground, insisting that their feet had

been severely burned.

Some Central African natives who had been introduced into Germany mistook the first snow-storm they saw for a flight of white butterflies, and Lieux. Von Francois says the mistake was a very natural one. One day when he was ascending a tributary of the Congo, he saw for the first time the air filled with a great swarm of white butterflies, and the spectacle closely resembled agentle fall of snow.

Seven Days on Fire.

Some weeks are longer than others as every schoolboy is only too well aware. How long, then must have been the seven days which an English aware. captain and crew passed, a few months ago, in a burning steamship! The steamer Hawkhurst sailed from London on the sixth of March, bound for Rio Rio Janeiro. When she was seventeen days out dense volumes of smoke began to issue from the ventilators on one of the holds.

The ventilators were at once blocked. and holes were bored in the deck, into which water and steam were poured. But the fire was under great and all efforts to extinguish it proved unavailing. Above it was an iron "be-tween-deck," and above this were stowed 700 barrels of oil, tow, tallow, and other highly inflammable materials,

For four days, the captain says, the decks were red hot. His first thought was to put back to the Island of St. Vincent-about 500 miles distant-but a strong head-wind made such a course imprudent. He knew, besides, that he should find no facilities there for putting out the fire.

He determined, accordingly, to steam on to Rio, a distance of twenty-three hundred miles. He might have put in at Pernambuco on the way, but he was resolved, if possible, to save the ship and cargo. At Pernambueo he would have had to fill the hold with water, to accomplish which it would have been necessary to run the ship around, at the risk of a total loss.

At the end of the third day the star board bunkers took fire, but the crew put the flames out in twenty-four hours, On the following day, the port bunkers began to burn, and this fire it was found impossible to extinguish till after the ship arrived in port. For seven days the burning steamer sailed on. Then she steamed into the harbor of Rio, where the authorities immediately set the fire brigade at work, and in two days the fire was subdued.

In recognition of the captain's heroic conduct the Emperor, Dom Pedro II., conferred upon him a medal, accon panying the gift by the following let-

"Thomas Robertson, I., the constitutional Emperor and perpetual defender of Brazil, sends you greeting, in recognition of a sense of duty not common to all men. The heroism and intelligence which you displayed as commander of the British steamer Hawkhurst, of the Antwerp, London and Brazil line of packets, have succeeded in bringing her safely to the port of this capital where you arrived on April 3d, the ship

on fire March 27th. "At that time you were at a distance of 2.300 miles from Rio de Janeiro. By this act you, at the risk of your own life, saved the lives of all on board, and wishing to give you proof of my imperial approbation for such distinguished service, I hereby grant you the medal of the first-class, as awarded by article first of the minutes of the decree, No. 1,579, March 14, 1855."

To Try Men's Souls.

Mrs. James Fussbudge(about to leave home for a week, and saying good-bye to James at railroad depot)—Let me see, only three minutes until train time. I was so afraid we'd be left. Now, let me see, have I told you about every They jumped out of thing? You'll not forget to close the

train to arrive)-Yes, dear.

'And put it up every day?" "And don't forget about watering my

plants," "No, I won't," "And you'll look after Dicky and cover his cage on cold nights?" "Oh, yes; of course. There's the train. Good-bye.

Good-bye, dear-remember about locking the basement door at night. Don't trust it to Bridget." No-good-bye. "Good-bye, dear; write every day,

and-oh, don't forget to turn off the water at night if it should turn real "No, no; I'll not forget. Good-bye." "Good-bye. You know you forgot it one cold night last winter—good-bye, dear—and the plumber's bill—good-

bye-was so big, and-good-bye."
Good-bye, Mary."

"Good-bye, dear; remember tr-" Yes, yes. "About the good-bye."

Good-bye. "James" (through the window), "re ember about-Yes, yes.

"About the-oh-er-g-o-o-d-b-y-e, Frantic fluttering of handkerchiefs and bobbing of heads, and final shriek on part of Mrs. T., who says:

"Re-mem-ber — go-o-d-byDetroit Free Press.

An Old Man's Solitary Life,

An old man named Peter Lechner

lives, year in and year out, in a round tower on the top of the Sonnblick Mountain in the Austrian Alps—the enticed several New Guinea natives to highest meteorogical station in Europe, the hitherto unscaled summit of Mount and perhaps in the world. Throughout Owen Stanley, the loftiest peak in the long Alpine winter he sees no living soul, save for an hour or two on Christ mas day, when a party cuts its way to him from the valley below laden with presents subscribed for in Vienna. His business in his cyric between earth and heaven is to take, three times a day, the readings of various instruments, and to telegraph or telephone them to the clerk of the weather in Vienna. For months his only chauce of hearing a human voice is through the telephone. And

PITH AND POINT.

HALF FARE-a mulatto. THE undertaker's favozite exercise is

Passing away time—handing over your watch to a foot-pad.

Even the homeless man may have a title to mansions in the skies.

A COUNTRY dentist advertises that "he spares no pains" to render his operations satisfactory.

"When I drink much I can't work, and so I let it alone." "The drinking?" "No, the working." NEW YORK ball-players prefer their

aunt to any other relative-their pennant, we mean, of course, ARDENT Suitor-Do you love me,dar-ling? Modern Girl-I don't know.

How much are you worth? What nonsense it is to say that a man is "inclined to be baid!" When a man is becoming bald it is quite against his inclination. First Renter-I understand big flats

Renter (confidently)-You're off there, my boy. It's the biggest flats who do Miss Caller-I called on purpose to see your dear little baby. Is it a boy or a girl? Mrs. Four Hundred-Why,

don't pay in New York City? Second

it is a-a-really, I shall have to ask the nurse. SCRIBBLER-The man who calls a ballet dancer's costume a dress has the imagination of a poet. Bibbler—Why "He gives to airy nothing a local

habitation and a name. A WELL-DEFINED Hint, - Ethel-George, mother was looking when you kissed me last night. George—How did she take it? "Well, she said she felt satisfied now that you mean business."

Young Medical Student (to his sweet heart)-Do you know, Julia, that the human heart is equal to the lifting of 120 pounds every twenty-four hours? Julia (demurely)—Well, that's just my weight.

Passenger—Where is the porter? Conductor—He's a little busy just now. "Do you suppose I can get him to brush up my shoes a little?" "No, sir; he reserves this hour every day for cutting off the coupons on his government bonds.

Judge-What's the charge, officer? Officer-Petty larceny, your Honor. Prisoner (interrupting)-I beg you pardon, judge-the charge is impersonating an officer. Judge-How do you make that out? Prisoner-I took a handful of peanuts and an orange from a poor woman's stand without paying for them.

JOHNNY-You ain't as big as my pa, Mister Brown. Mr. Brown-Yes, Johnny; I am much taller and larger in every way than your father. Johnny-Well, sister said you wasn't. Sister— Why, Johnny, what an idea! I never said anything of the kind. Johnny— Yea you did, too. You said last night that Mister Brown was below par.

"HAVE the groceries come in yet, John? It is only five minutes before dinner and the pantry's empty!" "No, ma'am, but they're on the way-the self-raising flour, the three-quarters cooked oatmeal, the canned vegetables, Jimpson's XXX ready prepared coffee, Erin's patent mashed potatoes, the twenty-second tea, the self-eating Lim-burger, and all."

A WEIRD TALE. A fellow who swallowed a drachin Of poison grew cold as a clachin, And when sembody said "I don't believe he is dead," The corpse quickly shouted, "I achin!" And rince them they say that his ghost Each night walks round his bed phost, And it scares all the folks Who arn't used to such jolks, Clear out of their senses almhost, hicago Herald.

Bright Schoolgirls. If there is such a thing in existence in a school-teacher's note-book, containing the unintentionally funny say ings of children, the melancholy man would do well to borrow it for the solace of his duller hours. The remark of a little girl, that "the earth is round like an apple, and the North Pole sticks out of the top and makes the stem," should doubtless be included among its gems, together with the following anecdote, told by an old school-teacher, in the San Francisco Examiner:

When I was a country pedagogue in the State of Maine, I was one day hear ing my class in spelling, and gave out the word "cuticle" to a big, red-haired girl. Slowly she drawled out: Cu, cu, t-i, ti, cuti, c-l-e, cu-tick-le."

I corrected her pronunciation, and asked her to define the word. She looked about blankly, as if in search of something to spur her memory, and, after a moment or two of silence, I said: "Why, what is it that covers your d face? She looked quickly at each hand, and

her face brightened.
"Oh, yes," she replied, "freckles!"

Human Love No one who has looked into life with honest eves can have failed to discover that it derives untold values from the love which welcomes its dawn, attends its growth, and advances step by step and soothes and cheers its old age. Human love is itself a pearl of great How it enlarges, enriches, and s human life! What beneficent price. How it enlarge ennobles human life! ministeries it conducts! What patient heroism and severe self-suppression it inspires! In a mother it is faith and hope and patients and effort and victory. In young hearts it is a transforming gladness, and awakening to the responsibility and to the rapture of life. In manhood and womanhood it is the balm of care, a refuge in temptation and a source of serenity.—New York

Did Not Wish to Spread the Disease. "Can you do anything with my ac-count to-day, sir?" asked a collector.

"I'd like to pay it," replied Gazzam, "but the fact is I haven't any gold coin, and the doctors say that paper money carries the influenza microbe about. Can't be too careful, you know, and I wouldn't pay you with paper money for all the world.—Epoch.

In Texas it is unnecessary to instruct the young idea how to shoot,—Hutch-